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1922

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Rimes,
of the
Times

Billy
Hadda
Paine





“Rimes”
of the
Times

Billy
Hadda
Paine

Price, Fifty Cents

B. H. PATTERSON
PUBLISHER
LOCKWOOD, : MO

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To my first friend who spent her life
As a simple Farmer's Wife,
Whose loving care and tender smiles,
Have followed me o'er many miles:
And tho' I've traveled far and tried
In many places to abide,
I've found, my friends, there is no other
Friend just like my dear old
MOTHER

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

The matter in "Part One" of this booklet appeared in the "Farm Club News," of Springfield, Mo., from time to time during 1921. The constant and ever increasing demand for recitations suitable for use in Farm Club programs induced the Publisher to issue them, along with other miscellaneous verse, in the form here presented.

No attempt has been made to put the old poets out of business, or improve the English language. The Author has expressed his opinion to the best of his ability in plain "United States," and, being a farmer writing to farmers, has indulged in no high flights of fancy.

The Publisher planned to get this booklet out immediately after the big Farm Club Convention at Springfield, but the unexpected heavy demand for his "Farm Club Songs," and his farm duties and obligations have caused unavoidable delay.

The Publisher desires to express his sincere thanks and appreciation to those who have contributed to this work, and where it was necessary to edit the work of others, he has endeavored to retain the thought expressed by the author.

That the matter herein may help make the Farm Club meetings more interesting, and the weakkneed brother stronger in the Farm Club faith, is the wish of
March 23, 1922.

THE PUBLISHER.

Part One

by Billy Hadda Paine

RHYMES, JINGLES AND PROSE POEMS ON
VARIOUS TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Part Two

FARM CLUB POETRY AND VERSE FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES

Part Three

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY AND VERSE FROM
VARIOUS SOURCES

“One day at a time!
It’s a wholesome rhyme—
A good one to live by;
One day at a time!”

“Rimes” of the Times

Part One

THE STORY GROWS

Now, this is how a story grows,
Just why I'm sure nobody knows:

Bill Smith, while on his way to town,
Chanced to meet his neighbor, Brown.
“The creek is pretty high,” said he;
“While on the bridge I chanced to see
A new horse collar floating down;
Well, so long, I must go to town.”

Now, Brown met Jones, whom you all know,
And stopped to have a word or so:
“Hello!”

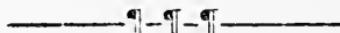
“Howdy!”
“How are you?”

“We're well.”
“My wife has the flu.”
“Smith told me just awhile ago
The creek was up near overflow,
And he saw while there on the bridge
That horse he sold to old man Midge,
With collar on a-floating down.
Well, I must go; good day,” said Brown.

Soon Jones met his old neighbor, Hughes:
 "Well, howdy! Have you heard the news?
 The creek is near up to the bridge,
 And they tell me that Old Dave Midge,
 With his wagon, harness, team,
 Were seen floating down the stream,
 And his wife and child were drowned,
 And their bodies never found;
 And that the water overflowed
 The old man's field, and not a load
 Of corn will he be able to save;
 I sure feel sorry for poor Old Dave."

I could go on page after page,
 And show you how this present age
 Can take a little grain of sand,
 And make of it a mountain grand;
 Or take a little produce lie,
 And tell it to some crazy guy,
 And have the farmers up an i down
 The country flocking into town
 To chew the rag and howl and roar
 About the way the Farmers' Store
 Is being run by the new board.

Now, boys; believe not every word
 You hear, and not all that you see;
 Let's all fill up with LOY AL-TY!



Now, a tub full of grub for the Club
 Is a nice thing any day,
 But, take heed, or your greed may stampede
 Our cause ere 'tis on its way.

THE SLACKER

I know a man so wondrous wise,
His name I will not tell;
He had two pennies o'er his eyes;—
No; he's not going to —; well,
At least, not yet,—he went to town
And took some eggs along.
Now, this is where that guy fell down,
And got himself in wrong;
For he passed up the Farmers' Store,
And went on down the street,
Where he could get a penny more
From Old Man Skin'em Peet.

He got two extra cents per doz,
And blowed about it long;
And told his neighbors that there was
A lot of things dead wrong
About the way the Farmers' Store
Is being run of late;
He reads the poison squad's vile lore,
And takes the poison bait.
Now, there is more about this guy
That I would like to tell,
But, what's the use?—this is no lie—
You folks all know him well.



Now, boys, take time, have patience,
We can't win in a day;
Hard work and experience
Will make the Exchange pay.

FARMER JONES

Farmer Jones had his car in the ditch,
The thing refused to go;
He pulled and pried and heaved and tried
To get it out, you know.
He asked his neighbors to hop in and help
Him get it on the road;
But they said they'd wait and see
If the thing could haul a load.

Jones got his car out on the road
And filled her full of gas,
And cranked her up—was ready to go—
When his neighbors, bold as brass,
Said, "Farmer Jones, we'll take a ride
If it don't cost anything,
We've always wanted to get in one,
And take a little fling."

Now, haven't you Farm Club boosters seen
Some people just like that?
Who are willing to take a nice free ride,
And furnish friendly chat,
If the other fellow will furnish the car,
The tires, the gas and the oil?
They will hog a free ride, the credit and glory,
And the fruits of the other man's toil.

GREED

The world is full of "ups and downs,"
With accent on the "down;"
So many things to give us grief,
And cause us all to frown.
But the cause of so much sorrow,
Hunger, pain and woe,
Is that insane love of gain
We see where e'er we go.

How can the man with endless wealth,
Who lives in mansions grand,
Who has servants by the score,
And coin to beat the band,
Whose coffers overflowing, filled
With golden coin galore.—
How can a man like that, I say,—
Stand up and howl for more?

'Tis not the money causes grief—
Not in our family.—
But 'tis the lack of little cash
That makes it hard on me.
I have a quarter-section farm,
One-half of it in grass
Which would not sell for half enough
To winter one lone ass.

Where are the good old qualities
Of friendship, truth and love?
The unselfish fellowship
That comes down from above?
The good old-fashioned neighbor,
Whose word was good as gold,

Who lent an earnest, willing hand
 To help when winds blew cold?

Alas, those folks have lived their day,
 And rest beneath the sod;
 We're living in another age,
 The age of Money god.

What care we for the old-time fads
 Of truth and loyalty?
 We must hasten to get rich,
 And class with Royalty.

Oh, children, men; let's not forget
 The lessons mother taught!
 With frenzied greed and love of gain
 Let's not ourselves get caught.
 But, let us make the most of life,
 Enjoy it while we may;
 So that should the scythe-man come
 And call us to our future home,
 We can look him in the eye,
 With never a regretful sigh,
 And to that man of whiskers say:
 "I'm ready for that fateful day."



GO TO! RICH MEN

Go to, rich men; howl and weep;
 Your miseries shall not let you sleep.
 Your riches are corrupted, beaten;
 And your garments are moth-eaten.
 Your silver and your gold is cankered
 Like an old and worn-out tankard;
 And the rust of them shall be

A witness 'gainst you, as you'll see,
And shall eat your flesh as fire,
When the Lord pours out His ire.

The farmers, who have reaped your fields,
And labored to increase your yields,
And whose efforts we applaud,—
Their hire by you is kept by fraud;
Its cry—I read it in His word—
Has reached the ears of our dear Lord.

You lived on the earth in pleasure,
To you shall be paid full measure;
And your wanton hearts you cherished
As in days of slaughter.

Perished

Is the poor man's chance for gain;
He has toiled and strived in vain.
You have judged and killed the just,
Formed a big and ruthless trust,
And much treasure have you heaped
Together. When the Lord has reaped
The last great harvest, what shall be
Your fate through all eternity?

JAMES 5:1-8.

Gentle reader; Read James Five,
If you would know why we strive
In vain to put some coin away,
And save it for a rainy day

The Lord has looked down through the ages,
Put the record on the pages
Of His Holy Book, that you
May know just what we're coming to.

THE CONVENTION

Now, folks, this time 'tis my intention
To write about our great Convention.
But, say, now, it is quite a task—
Which shall be first? if I may ask;
The big parade, some five miles long?
Or the crazy guy, who sang the song?
Or the jolly boys who were the host
Of that big crowd? I like to boast
About the way they treated us—
I'm sure no one can raise a fuss;
But, we'll remember many days,
And tell with many words of praise;
How we were made to feel at home,
Though many weary miles we'd come,
By those loyal, fearless men
Of that fighting Ozark clan.

Say, boys, we're coming down the line!
The farmer's light's begun to shine.
We had the Governor of our state
With us to help celebrate,
And the Nebraska Gov, McKelva,
Had a lot of things to tell ye;
And "Farm Journal's" Doctor Spillman
Came long miles to talk to hillmen
And our good old friend, Bill Hirth,
Whose iron nerve and sterling worth,
Deep thought and staying qualities,
Made this order what it is.

But did you hear the loud applause,
When our good friend, D. M. Gause,

Was elected president
Without one voice of dissent?

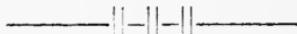
There's another thing to mention
'Bout this greatest Farm Convention:
'Tis the unswerving loyalty,
Good fellowship and unity,
Of each and every delegate
From the Farm Clubs of the state.

And there's a lie I want to nail,
I'll do it now, lest I shold fail:
You know, 'tis said of the Farm Club clan,
That it is run by just one man!
Now, how could anybody there,
Who is inclined to be fair,
Tell any such a tale as that?
'Tis only done to cause a spat,
To get us fighting in our Clubs;
They think we are a bunch of "dubs."

This "one man" had the least to say
'Bout how to run the M. F. A.,
And every delegate sent there
Had equal voice,—'tis only tair—
And those who saw can testify
That this is so, and 'tis no lie.

Another thing that did me good,
And put me in a happy mood,
Was the loyal, loud applause
Given the leader of our cause,
When he stood up there to talk—
He took the honors in a walk.
The farmer may be called a fool

Because he could't go to school
 When he was young, but this he knows,
 (And it adds to gamblers' woes)
 Who fights for the farmers' right;
 Why shouldn't they cheer him with their
 might?
 So let us ever loyal stand
 And organize this mighty land.
 We'll shew the gamblers, far and near,
 That the farmer does not fear
 To meet him in the market place,
 And talk right to him, face to face.



THE WEDDING

Now, Miss Auxiliary and M. F. Club
 Met at the convention at the Southwest hub;
 The maid was shy and young and coy,
 Bubbling with mirth and youthful joy.

M. F. Club, a "bach" sedate,
 A small bald spot upon his pate,
 (Caused by hard and serious thought
 O'er many battles won and fought)
 Soon fell in love with this fair maid,
 And many compliments he paid.

Now, heretofore, this old "bach," Club,
 At making love had been a "dub;"
 But, when he saw this maiden fair,
 So beautiful and smiling there,
 It was a case of love at sight—
 "I'll win her, boys, or have a fight."
 'Twas mutual, for she loved him, too,

This handsome warrior, brave and true;
Decided that they could not wait,
Lest carping neighbors harp and prate.
And just to give a big surprise
To many thousand country guys,
They married in Convention Hall.
The people shouted, one and all.
For little did these folks expect
That this old “bach” would e'er elect
To take unto himself a wife
To journey with him through this life;
Embark upon the golden sea
Of connubial felicity.

The ceremony was quite nice,
Except that no one had the rice
With which to send them on their way
Rejoicing.

I forgot to say,
That bachelor forgot to kiss
This smiling, winsome, happy miss
Until the people's loudsome roar
Recalled them to the platform floor.

Say, boy, that was a wedding grand;
We'll organize this mighty land!

————||-||-||————

Now, organization and cooperation
All over this nation's a mighty big ration
For farmers to make;
And this we all need, if we would succeed,
And get up some speed: Eliminate greed,
No market bribes take.

POISON BAIT

"There's many a slip, 'twixt cup and lip,"
Is a saying true and old,
But I would fain tell it again
In modern "rimes." I'm told:

Once on a time, Old Jimmy Grime,
A weak-kneed Farm Club member,
Who would not read and did not heed
The good advice, remember,
There to be found the whole year 'round,
In our good Farm Club papers;
And when some guy told him a lie,
(Or pulled some other capers,
Folks to deceive, and make believe,
Our Exchange was a robber.)
He promptly fell, 'us sad to tell,
Began to spew and slobber;
Went up and down the country 'roun',
And to'd to all who list'ed
They'd soon "get rich with eggs and sich,"
The produce men had h'isted
Up the low price till it was nice
To sell to private dealers.
For, to his woe, he did not know
That produce men were stealers.
He told it well, and many fell,
And quit their own good Exchange
To 'cumulate the "poison bait;"
They howled about the price range.
The difference paid in this great raid
Was some nine cents per dozen;
You shoud have heard how soon the word

O'er the whole place was buzzin'
But, one sad day along in May,
The private dealer's doors
Were found shut fast; it could not last;
The loyal Farm Club stores
Had whipped him out.

There was a shout,
Much howling loud and wailing,
When checks galore, giv'n by his store,
Back from the bank came sailing.
All marked: "No cash; he went to smash;
His bank account is busted."
Ten thousand bucks those slacker ducks
Lost when that guy they trusted.
If you would fight with all your might,
And get thrown through the gate,
Go to some guy 'round there and try
To offer "poison bait."

— — — — —

THE JOLLY LIFE OF THE FARMER'S WIFE

The farmer's wife leads a jolly life,
As you will plainly see
When I get through telling to you
Just what her work may be:

All she has to do is cook the meals,
And soothe the baby when it squeals,
Wash the dishes, mop the floors,
Answer the phone and watch the doors,
Wash the clothes and mend the socks,
Iron the linens and make her frocks,
Patch the pants and milk the cows,

Churn the butter and slop the sows,
Feed the chickens and water the flowers,
And bathe the children at certain hours,
Tend the garden and can the fruit,
And set the dog on the neighbor's brute,
Cut the children's hair and chase the cat,
Out of the milkhouse, rend the fat,
Polish the silver and blacken the stove,
Carry water from the spring in the cove,
Straighten the window shades, settle the
scraps,

And soothe the hurts of the little chaps,
Clean out the attic and shoo the fowls
Off the back porch and change the towels,
Wipe up the mud the boys and pa
Track in, and write a note to ma,
And bake the bread and make the cakes,
And while she rests, the carpet she shakes,
Dust the furniture, beat the rugs,
Air the feather beds, hunt bed bugs,
Warm the water to soak pa's feet
And go to the door a friend to greet,
Keeps neighbor's baby while she goes to
town

To get herself a brand new gown,
And get the children off to school,
Get rid of that book agent fool,
Spray the trees and trim the lamp,
Set the dog on a ragged tramp,
Get the men up early in the morn,
So they can go to work in the corn,
Pick the geese and gather the berries,
Start the fires and can the cherries,

Rake the lawn and the kindling chop,
Empty the ash can, carry the slop,
Hunt collar buttons and make the pies,
Answer the door bell, swat the flies,
Make the beds and string the beans,
Carry the stove wood, gather “greens,”
Make a stall for the hired man’s thumb,
Answer questions until she is dumb,
Gather the eggs and set the hens,
Get rid of some insurance men,
Drive the pigs back into their pen,
Ring the dinner bell, and then
That afternoon she’ll go and work
Her poor head off for the heathen Turk
At the Missionary Society;
She leads a jolly life, you see.

And now, on top of all of that,
She has taken up the bat
And vows she’ll show the M. F. A.
She can out-bat us any day.

They’re going to organize the state,
Eliminate the “poison bait.”
We silly men are much too slow
To make the cause get up and go.
They’ll help us win the chicken fight,
And I am sure, ’twill come out right.
They’re after better rural schools;
Better teachers, fewer fools;
Better homes and better joys
To keep at home the girls and boys;
Better kitchens, better pies;
Better screens to bar the flies;

Better gardens, better trees;
 Better berries, better bees;
 Better children—goodness knows,
 How this better story grows!—
 Better churches, better towns;
 Bigger checks to buy her gowns;
 Better trade at the Farmers' Store,
 Better ways to help the poor:
 Better chickens, better eggs;
 Bigger juicy yellow legs;
 Better cooking, better canning;
 Better men! Oh, what a panning
 We poor simps are going to get,
 If we don't wake up, you bet!
 Methinks I can hear her yell:
 "We'll do the job, and do it well."
 She makes her watch-word, "Loyalty!"
 And will not foster royalty;
 Wants a square deal, true and just;
 Wants to help the men folks bust
 That lying, thieving, robbing trust,
 Which fattens through its wolfish lust
 For gain, by cheating on the things
 The farmer's wife to market brings.

Now, girls, to lead a jolly life,
 Become a simple farmer's wife;
 Con nu-bi-al fe-lic-i-ty,
 And the W. P. F. C.,
 Will never let you idle be;
 To this, I'm sure you will agree.



Farmers' wives, farmers' wives! All our lives, LOYAL!

THE POISON SQUAD

Now, boys, a story I will tell,
I think it is a charmer,
About some adolescent gents,
Who farm the Missouri farmer.
There's the “Rural Missouri-ist,”
The “Country Ozarkman,”
The “Farm'em & Soak'em,” at K. C.,
And others of that clan—
If a bunch cooperate
To buy a new he-goat,
Or chip in a dime apiece
To hire a fishing boat—
They will give it valued space,
And brag and gloat and prate,
How we poor simps are getting wise,
How we co-operate.

But, now, have you ever seen
A kindly word of praise
From any of these gentlemen
About our Farm Club ways?
Why don't they tell about our work,
Explain the Farm Club plan,
The greatest get-together move
Since Adam was a man?
There's something wrong, you will agree,
When this move they ignore;
They slur and hint, insinuate,—
Say, boys, it makes me sore!

I'll tell you what's the matter, boys,

Why they ignore our cause,
 And slander such men as Bill Hirth,
 Wadsworth and D. M. Gause;
 They want to stand in with the bunch
 Who've robbed us guys for years;
 What care they for the farmer's fate,
 His joys, triumphs, or tears?
 They know that if our move succeeds
 Some one will lose a job;
 For we'll control the market place
 Of those who steal and rob.

If we would join their "Farmer" bunch,
 Which Wall Street does control,—
 No doubt the names of the "Big Five"
 Is there upon their roll,—
 And sacrifice the principles
 For which we long have fought,
 Then they would run our biz for us,
 For they would have us caught.
 A bunch of farmers we would be,
 Tied up to "business men."
 Say, do you know what would become
 Of our good Farm Club plan?

Now, boys, so far as I'm concerned
 They can just stop my paper,
 Until they learn a little sense,
 And cut a better caper.

————||-||-||————

I'm a fine young rooster,
 A Farm Club Booster,
 Am I right? Good Night!

HOP TO IT

Why should we toil from day to day
At shocking wheat or pitching hay,
At chopping wood or guiding plows,
Or shearing sheep or milking cows?
Why labor hard to feed the men
Who rob us every time they can?
Why do we work and strive and heave
To get a little coin to leave?

I'll tell you why: It is because
We love our children. Let us pause,
And use our heads above our ears,
That they may say in future years:
“Our daddies did not toil in vain;
Their loss was our eternal gain.”

What profit it if we should raise
Enough to feed us many days,
And have abundant stores to sell
To those who live where riches dwell,
If we cannot get the cost
Of raising it. Our time is lost,
Our labor gone, our heart is sore;
Say, let's not do it any more!

Let's spend some time and learn to sell
What we know how to raise so well.
Let us do, ourselves, the job
Entrusted those who steal and rob
Us of the first-fruits of our labor.
Come on, let's go, hop to it, neighbor!

EDUCATE

Well, things look blue to tell to you,
That is, I think they do.
If all would work, and no one shirk,
Our troubles would be few.
It is the cuss who starts a fuss,
And will not help us out,
And carries lies to country guys,
That I would talk about.

When we first met and contract let
To start our good Exchange,
Our feed and flour within an hour
Was sliding down the range.

With prices low we had to go
On other dealers here;
We spread the word, and soon was heard
The good news everywhere,
That you could save (which all men crave)
Good money at our store,
And afterwhile, there was a smile
On farmers' phiz galore.

But, 'twas not long, so goes this song,
Ere produce men and packers
Began to bribe the farmer tribe
To be a bunch of slackers.

They said, "We'll wait, 'tis not too late
Till the egg-flow is over,
We'll pay so much for eggs and such,

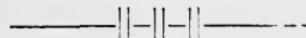
They'll think they are in clover.

“For we can steal—they will not squeal—
From folks in nearby states,
Enough to buy each weakkneed guy
With lots of poisoned baits.

“For we must bust this farmers' trust
Of good cooperation
Or it will spread—which we all dread—
All over this great nation.”

Too bad, too bad, it makes me sad,
And grieved at heart to write it,
But many fell.

I wish you'd tell
Me how we're going to fight it.
The only rem-edy for them,
I think, is education;
No other way will win the day
In such a situation.



OLD BILL JONES

Now, Old Bill Jones, peace to his bones,
Was raised down on the farm;
When quite a lad, he said to dad:
“Say, pop; now, what's the harm,
If I should go to town, you know,
And land a big fat job?
I'd like to join myself to coin,

No longer be a slob."

Said dad: "By heck, that's just the check;
I'm sure you will succeed;
You'll soon be rich; the money which
You know we badly need
Will put us out of debt, about;
Then we can take our ease,
And wear good clothes and go to shows,
And do just as we please."

To town went Bill, who had his fill
Of hard work on the farm;
Became a broker, learned to play poker;
He never thought it harm
To get the cash, if he had to smash
The other fellow's game;
And, afterwhile, we won a pile,
And quite a little fame.

He told his dad, who said, "My lad,
I think I'll take a shct;
I'll put another mortgage on,
And try to win a pot."

Bill took the coin, which went to join
A good pile of his own,
And bought "May wheat," which can't be
beat,
(A fact which is well known)
To separate the "sucker's bait,
And leave him ne'er a bone.

Bill lost his all in the great fall

The market prices took.
His dad, who trusted, was also busted,
And caught upon their hook.

Bill was all in; no one can win
When gamblers get together;
They raise the price, or lower them,
No matter what the weather.

Bill went back home and ceased to roam
'Mid city's glaring splendor,
And spent his days try-ing to raise
Enough good legal tender
To pay his dad. Too bad, too bad;
Bill never could recover.
One day 'twas said that o'er his bed,
The grim scythe-man did hover.

Poor Old Bill Jones;
God rest his bones.

————||-||-||————

THE LIAR

Now, at this time I'd like to “rime,”
In words of livid fire,
About the way, from day to day,
The profiteer's paid liar,
Is going 'round from town to town,
And knocking on our dealers,
And telling lies to simple guys
That Farm Club stores are stealers.

I'll tell you, boys, the future joys

Of those we love—who love us—
 Must now depend, how we defend
 Them from the thieves above us.
 Oh, comrades, men; I say again,
 Stand loyal; stick together,
 And we will win. It is a sin,
 No matter what the weather,
 In sun or rain, for penny's gain,
 To listen to their story;
 And those who do will ne'er get through
 To that eternal glory.

No rich man's gold, or story told,
 Will ever buy my chickens;
 Let's organize, and tell those guys
 They can go to the "Dickens."



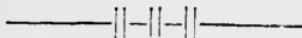
MORE PEP

Too many men in our good clan
 Pay in their yearly dough,
 And there they stop, they do not hop
 To it and make it go.
 They've paid their mon, the fight is won,
 It's up to us, you know!

They will not read nor help us lead
 The cause on to success;
 They harp and prate and agitate,
 And get things in a mess.
 There's nothing right in the great fight,
 They will not understand

The well-thought plan of our good clan
To oust the robber band.

Is’t ignorance, or cussedness ?
Methinks, sometimes, it’s both
That makes them knock, and our boat rock.
Dear friends, next year, I’m loath
To take the mon of anyone
Who will not sign a pledge
Of unity and loyalty.
That will give us the edge
To win the fight; I think I’m right,
And those who are true blue,
And bound to stick through thin and thick,
’Tis those who’ll pull us through.



THE “DUB”

Tell me, if you can, what kind of a man,
Is the man who will pass up his Club,
And go to the guy who robs his to buy
All his twine? would you call him a
“dub?”

Now, where is the “dub,” who passed up his
Club,

And went to the dealer to buy
His binder twine? I hear him whine:
“The dealer’s price was too high.”

What I call a “dub,” is a man in the Club,
Who pays in his two and a half,
And the rest of the year, helps the profiteer
To give our good cause the laugh.

A LETTER

Lockwood, Mizzu.

Dear Folks:

I'm through,
 And this is why I'm quitting,
 That habit bad that I have had,
 Of chewing and of spitting.
 When I first met my darling pet,
 And brought her to my shack-o,
 I did not chew, and spit and spew,
 That "nasty old tobacco;"
 But married life, and toil and strife,
 Soon drove me to the habit.
 I thought I'd keep it secret deep,
 But soon I had to blab it.
 At every chance she shakes my pants,
 To see if I have any;
 But what is worse, she robs my purse
 Of its last toil-worn penny.
 So this is why I'm going to try
 To quit that old tobacco,
 Perchance beguile my wife awhile
 To have peace in my shack-o.
 Now, if you use this in the "News,"
 I may not write again—
 For seven days.

I'm yours always,

Bill Hadanother Paine.

—||-||—

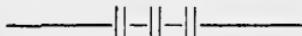
W. P. F. C., M. F. A.,
 That is the way to spell it.
 This is the way to yell it:
 FARM CLUBS!

THE KNOCKER

The crazy guy who gets my goat,
And makes me want to rock his boat,
Is the man who at every chance,
Will get out on the street and prance,
And tell the boys we will not stick,
That 'tis no use to try one trick.

"The profiteer is organized,
Well financed and advertised,
So, what's the use in trying to win?
We're whipped before we e'er start in.
The Farmers' do not pay enough
To get my precious eggs and stuff;
Why, I can get a penny more
Right down there at the packers' store."

A lot of other poison lore
He puts out—don't it make you sore?



A LITTLE GIRL

A little girl,
So I've been told,
With teeth of pearl,
And hair of gold,
Went out to play
One summer day,
Enjoy the breeze,
She took her doll,

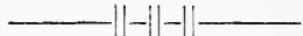
Beneath the trees.

And parrot, Poll,
Her Tabby cat,
And summer hat.

Down to the brook
She went to look
For flowers sweet,
Beneath her feet.

She hunted flowers
In quiet bowers,
Strawberries wild,
And sweet and mild.

She listened to the birdies sing,
And drank cool water from the spring,
She likes to live out on the farm,
Where she can enjoy Nature's charm.



I'm brave and bold,
With a heart of gold;
I'm three years old,
So I've been told.

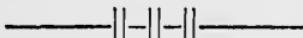
Grandma Hood
Says I'm good
For the chance I've had,
Bedad!

I'm daddy's boy,
And mama's joy,
Sister's brother;
There's no other
Just like me, you see.

MELON-COLIC

The melon-colic days are past,
And maybe we can sleep at last,
As when the evening zephyrs sigh,
And stars above the world so high,
Shine down through an ocean blue,—
Perchance we will get a wink or two.

When I was young and full of vim,
And led by every youthful whim,
I thought it nothing then to frisk
The biggest melons—darn the risk,
If Farmer Jones should chance to be
Hid in the corn field there to see—
I'd take a chance once, anyhow—
You bet, I wouldn't do it now—
His melon patch investigate,
Take home enough to make a bait
That would make me lie awake
All night with that old tummy-ache.



Why should I “rime” from time to time,
Unless something I say?
For I would balk at making talk
Without a cent of pay,
Do I not think that printer's ink,
When mixed with proper brains,
Could win the fight for truth and right,
Until no one remains
Without the fold.

When winds blow cold,

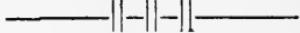
And summer's toil is o'er,
 I'll take my Ford and spread the word
 To several hundred more,
 About the great work in our state,
 The grand old M. F. A.,
 How it plays "hobb" with those who rob
 The farmer of his pay.



THE FARM CLUB PAPER

I think it's time to make a "rime"
 About our Farm Club paper, *
 They changed its name,—it's bound for
 fame—
 They cut another caper:
 That brand new dress; oh, my! I guess,
 It looks like a "humdinger!"
 If we'll all help that hustling whelp,
 The editor,—ink slinger—
 We can't go wrong.

Ten thousand strong,
 Each loyal Farm Club booster,
 Should write today to him and say:
 "Just send it to this rooster."
 (*Farm Club News, Springfield, Mo.)



The best friend of the packer
 Is a dirty penny-slacker,
 Who, for one cent a dozen,
 Will keep the lies a-buzzin',
 The produce men are telling,
 How they can beat us selling.

Hey, you Farm Club Rooster,
A question I would ask:
“Are you a Farm Club Booster,
Willing to do your task?
Or, are you simply ‘waiting
To see what the other fellers do,
And harping long, and prating,
Because things don’t suit you?”

—||-||—

The great American farmer
Is a cheerful geezer, by heck;
When he sells a bushel of stuff,
He gets paid for only a peck;
The ultimate consumer
In another chump, they say;
When he buys a peck of stuff,
For a bushel he has to pay.

—||-||—

The busy little honey bee
Works hard from dawn to dark,
To gather the ambrosia
And store it in his ark.
But when his crop is harvested,
He thinks to take his ease,
A great two-legged giant comes
And robs the little bees.

Just so with the farmer,
He works, too, all day,
Producing abundant surplus,
And hopes to “make it pay.”
Long comes another giant
And takes the fruit of his toil;

Yes, he's just like the honey bee,
 This tiller of the soil.

ROTT

Riley said to me one day:
 At naming books, you're quite a jay;

"Rimes" of the Times, oh, what a name;
 Of course, 'twill never bring you fame.
 The naming of a book takes thought'n
 Times like these. Your book is ROTT'n!

FINIS

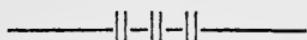
Dear Farm Club News:

There is no use:
 I've tried now for a week;
 My mental throne is solid bone
 When there for "rimes" I seek.
 My "riming" clock beneath that shock
 Of bristling hair galore,
 It seems, has stopped, the wheels have
 hopped,
 And won't "rime" any more.

Whene'er I try, with pensive sigh,
 To court the wary Muse,
 The wife will talk, or the kid will squawk,
 Till ideas will refuse
 To come to light so I can write
 Them down for all to see.
 Perhaps next week my head will reek
 With lofty po-et-ree.

Part Two

Farm Club Poetry and Verse from Various Sources



OLD TOMMY TOODLES

Old Tommy Toodles raised some hens,
And took them to the town;
He tried the Farm Club Exchange first,
Then poultry dealer Brown.
The Exchange man said sixteen cents,
But Brown just raised him one,
So Uncle Tommy took the “bait,”
And here begins the fun.

He did not like the M. F. A.,
And told the neighbors all,
That Brown would always pay the most
For poultry, Spring and Fall.
He raised a lot of discontent
'Mong farmers round about,
And helped to break the Exchange down,
And Brown to beat it out.

But when he raised some other hens
And took them in to sell,
Then Brown said just eleven cents,
And Uncle Tom said —!

But on his homeward way he met
A chap called Pizen Sam,
Who talked with him about an hour,
To tell the Farm Club plan.

Then Uncle Tommy cranked his Ford,
And went out down the road,
To help the boys to organize
And lift the heavy load.
The Club Exchange is back again
While former dealer Brown,
Just sits and swears from morn 'til night,
The maddest man in town.

—By "Old Man Lyon."

A PENNY MAN

I would not be a penny man,
I know it is not wise;
And men who offer market bribes
Are wolves in a disguise.

We farmers have to till the soil
And labor hard all day,
The profiteer takes all the spoil—
We let him have his way.

All wealth is produced from the soil,
Our clothing, shelter, food;
Yet men who spend their days at toil
Receive but little good,
For city men are prone to think

That working men are dogs;
They want to keep us on the “blink,”
Mired deep in want’s great bogs.

But who built the cities great,
The towns, the country stores;
The church and school ‘bout which we prate?
‘Twas farmers by the scores.
Who owns the cities grand,
The country store and town?
Who owns the mortgage on our land?
‘Tis those who hold us down.

So let’s don’t build them anymore,
But let’s work for ourselves;
We’ll own our little Farmers’ Store,
And the goods upon its shelves.
The railroad men who run our trains,
The workmen in the shop,
The tinner, plumber, carpenter,
Are organized, old top.

And they can strike most any day
For money or for fun,
And higher wages you must pay,
Or your work won’t be done.

But the poor old farmer’s sitting flat
Down at the foot of the hill,
While the profiteer is living fat,
And he farmer foots the bill.

And now, all men who have a backbone,

Get up in the line and yell,
 Stick to the Farm Club, and we'll win us a
 home,
 And give those profiteers hell.

—Roy S. Dorman.

—||-||-||—
THE FARM CLUB BAND

We are a loyal Farm Club band—
 Hurray! Hurray!

Who think it time to take a stand
 And have a little say
 About our farm productions,
 And how to make them pay.
 So now, goodbye, old profiteers—
 The Farm Club's come to stay.

The Farm Club is a mighty band—
 Hurray! Hurray!

They'll soon be heard throughout the land,
 For they are here to stay,
 So, lookout, all you "kickers,"
 Be careful what you say;
 I think you'd better "come across"
 And join our M. F. A.

Now, ever loyal let us be—
 Hurray! Hurray!

Our Clubs shall reach from sea to sea;
 'Twill be a glorious day.
 And when we own the market road
 From field to millers' bin,
 The M. F. A. will surely say:
 "Old profiteer, 'cash in.'"

—Winifred Bick.

WHEN THE FARMERS ORGANIZE

It is coming, it is coming,
I can scent it in the air;
For the farmers are all having
Their meetings everywhere.
They are talking of their products,
And about the middle man,
For a change of farmers' prices,
Is the good old Farm Club plan.

There must surely be some system,
And I hope they find it soon,
When the farmers all together
Read the profiteer his doom;
For we worked along and trusted
That a decent price we'd gain,
But he almost got us busted
When he nearly stole our grain.

Oh, you bet we'll fix those fellows
When we all get organized,
For our case is getting desperate,
And we often times surmise,
That with the Missouri Farmers,
Full one hundred thousand strong,
We can lick the very devil
Is, the burden of our song.

"The Riverview Farm Club
Believe in lots of grub;
They don't give a rub
If you bring it in a tub.
—Box 56, Tuscumbia, Mo.

THAT FARM CLUB FIGHT

We hear the "Farm Club Gospel" preached
 From morning until night;
 Don't hesitate to join the bunch
 And help them win their fight.

The war they wage on ev'ry cuss
 Who thinks he has the right
 To set the price on farm produce
 So low, 'tis out of sight.

But when it is their turn to sell
 To us their worthless stuff,
 You'll find the price that they put on
 Is truly high enough.

Who is the master, anyhow,
 Of the fruits of our friendly soil ?
 Those things we earned through hardships,
 And through unrequited toil ?

You goggle-eyed old money shark!
 You think but of yourself.
 Some day we'll make you pay the price
 For your illgotten pelf.

Ye robbers filled with lust and pride,
 Ye profiteering hogs,
 Think of the many stalwart lads
 "Now going to the dogs."

They left their splendid homes, because

The old farm wouldn’t pay,
And joined the “get-rich-quick brigades,”
In cities far away.

And poor old Dad, it breaks his heart,
And mother weeps all day.
That boy she loved from babyhood
Has gone—has gone to stay.

There are some men in Washington
Who solemnly declare,
That tariff on imported goods
Is anything but fair.

When eggs are brought from Argentine
For thirteen cents per doz.,
And in New York sold for one buck
It makes your ear-drums buzz.

When different kinds of substitutes
Come in from ev’ry land,
It knocks our prices all to smash.
How much more can we stand?

Ye gentlemen of this great state,
Let’s ask not to be shown;
But show the rest of all the world
To what size we have grown.

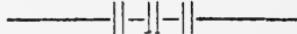
The saving on a sack of flour
Will pay your yearly dues;
Besides ’twill buy some “Horseshoe,” too,
The best durn cure for blues.

We hear men tell "what might have been,"
 That profiteering should stop;
 And "how much money we have lost
 On our nineteen twenty crop."

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,"
 A poet said of old,
 "The saddest are, 'It might have been.'"
 Indeed, the truth he told.

Ye fighting squad of Rumpus Gap,
 Who live 'mid mountain, crag and dell,
 Get on their trail in hot pursuit,
 And give these skunks some—well!

Ye stalwart sons of this great State,
 Let's raise our banner high,
 And for our motto let us take:
 "We're going to do or die."
 —Henry A. Kiefer.



THE MASTER WHEEL

We will write about the master wheel
 Our county board's the hub,
 The Exchanges are the fellows,
 The spokes they are the Clubs.

We want to mention Samuel Yos,
 That brave and stalwart son,
 To whom belongs the credit
 For what we all have done.

There are the boys at Green City,
We thank them for what they've done;
They were the pioneers in a movement—
The best one under the sun.

The Newton's we'll mention,
Scotts, Piggs and Judds as well;
The good they've done the movement
We find no words to tell.

To the Browning boys we give the cake
For the speed they made each day,
With Kille and Wamper in the lead,
There was no other way.

The Milan boys, we will admit,
Are shrewd and full of pride;
They are always willing to co-operate
With the boys on either side.

The Castle boys, we are glad to say,
Are always in the right;
The volume of business they do
We will admit is out of sight.

The Pollock and the Boynton boys, we are
sure
They are doing very well,
At Reger they are a loyal bunch,
We are sure glad to tell.

We congratulate the Humphrey boys,
They were slow we will have to tell,
But their territory they have organized,

And organizied it well.

The Osgood Club, we are proud of them,
 Of the business they do each day;
 They have the old spirit that will win the
 fight,
 All this we are glad to say.

Harris, you know we need you
 To complete this wheel, you see;
 We do not believe it will be long
 Until at Harris an Exchange will be.

Tho Winigan Club we 'most forgot,
 But their business they've handled well;
 We flivvered to their annual meeting
 And heard them ring the Farm Club bell.

We cannot read the future,
 As we are asked to do each day;
 We do not pose as prophets
 As we hustle on our way.

But we believe, dear farmers,
 If you will only stick and stay,
 That somewhere in the future
 There will be a better day.

—T. H. DeWitt.

All names may be changed to suit local club.

————||-||-||————

Farmers' wives, farmers' wives!
 All our lives, LOYAL!

FROM “BILL,” OF “RUMPUTS GAP”

Oh, I love to be a farmer
And with the farmer stand;
Alfalfa hay upon my face
And corns grow in my hand.
I love to hit the cold bare boards,
The weather ten below,
Build up the fires, put on my clothes,
Go out and shovel snow.
I care not for the icy blasts,
The long cold winter's day;
I thaw out pumps and slop the hogs,
And deal out corn and hay.

In summer's sun, the race I run
With fleeting time, God knows;
From early morn I plow green corn
Between darned crooked rows.
And in the hay the livelong day,
I toil through sweltering heat;
My wife keeps hens to pay the men
Who do not work, but eat.

In threshing time I cannot see
Why prices always fall;
I get cold hell lammed out of me
And nothing left at all.
When corn goes down I can but frown,
My hogs all have the thumps.
I have the flu, and feel darned blue;
I sure am in the dumps.

I've joined the Grange, the Farm Clubs, too;

The motto was, "We'll Stick;"
We all kick in some dough of tin,
And thought to turn the trick.

The old line man, he had a plan—
He'd worked it many times—
To buy weak-kneed and selfish men
With worn-out, rusty dimes.
He'd set a price one cent above
The honest market rate,
Because of greed they did not heed,
And took his "poison bait."

They sold good hens and jenny wrens,
Leghorn and Shanghai cox,
All unmindful of our plan
To "break" this old line fox.

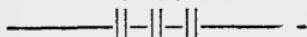
And thus the men and kids and dames,
All prompted by their greedy aims,
Stamped, and ignored our store,
And turned the night latch in the door.

Of all the folks I've ever seen,
I know of none so goshdurned mean,
Who help build hopes on cold, thin air,
Then leave us helpless, standing there.

I'd rather be a Zulu man
And dwell in darkest zones,
And beat upon a tom-tom pan,
And feast on bloody bones,
Than live upon the virgin soil,

My time in honest labor spent,
Then sell my hens and friends and toil
Out, for one copper cent.

I'd rather be a farmer man
And deal out corn and oats,
And live upon corn dodger pones
And mingle with the goats,
Than deal with men who do not “ken”
The farmers' one great cause,
Who sell their children, hopes and friends,
And squeeze red coppers in their claws.
—“Bill,” The Secretary, in Missouri Farmer.



CUNO HAS THE DOPE

F. L. Cuno, whom you all know—
At least some of you do;
Came to our town one day last week
When things looked awful blue.

He got acquainted with the boys,
Gave all a glad handshake,
And what that gentleman told us
Kept ev'ry one awake.

Wheat had made a tremendous drop.
Eggs sold for twenty cents,
And ev'ry farmer down the road
Was simply on the fence.

We told him all our troubles, and
Said he, “Tis not so bad,
I've got some dope, to cure your ills;

Cheer up, and don't be sad."

'Mong other things he told us this:
"You have to organize,
And beat the robbers at their game;
You'll give them a surprise."

He told us how the packers all
Are weak'ning in their knees,
And how the sharks who buy our grain
Just hop around like fleas;

They know that something's stirring now,
They smell it in the breeze.
For signs of danger they can see
On rocks and hills and trees.

When Mr. Cuno came down here
To old Ste. Genevieve,
That he would meet with much success
We could not well believe.

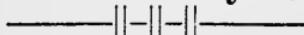
One night he went to Bourbon school,
Where once a Club had failed,
And renovated that old trap
Until the durn thing sailed.

Next day when he had been refreshed
He went to Shady Grove,
And that same night to Kehl he went
And herded in a drove.

Some day we will grow very strong,

And 'twon't be long, I hope;
I'm sure things will be humming soon,
For Cuno has the dope.

—By H. A. Keifer.



LOYALTY TO THE CLUB

Farmers, we're glad you're out tonight,
For such a worthy cause:
You must sure keep this thing going,
Now don't ever stop and pause,
For you know this farming business
Sure has its ups and downs,
And some folks think we're far behind,
The people in the towns;

But that one word “LOYALTY”
Is the subject of my talk,
For there never was a good thing started,
But somebody had to balk.

Just think of old George Washington,
And old Abe Lincoln, too:
It was loyalty to their Country
That brought the people through;
And it's LOYALTY to any cause,
Whatever it may be
That makes a success of anything,
As I think you will all agree.

When you come down to the farmers' store,
With a dab of eggs and butter,
And they don't pay what New York does,

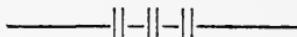
Now don't get mad and splutter;
But take your check and smile and say,
"Well, I'm a loyal guy,
And I'm for making this thing a success,
If the prices ain't so high."

It may take grit to do it,
In this day and age, you know,
When everyone is trying,
To pile up a little dough.

There's lots of big bugs that got rich,
Off you old Hayseed Rubes,
A sellin' farming outfits,
As well and Flivver tires and tubes;
And the time has come when you will
Have to speak up for yourselves, you bet,
Or all the "mon" you ever had,
Those Prifiteers will get.

Now. Mr. Farmer, kindly take some good
advice,
And don't take your produce elsewhere,
Just to get a higher price.

—Mrs. D. W. Loch.



You bet we are always on the job,
We are boosters every one,
For we're boosting from the rising
To the setting of the sun.
We have boosted our merchant

From the sunshine into the shade,
Cause when he said “jump” we always paid.

He sits on the creek bank and fishes,
While we drive right by to town,
To haul our chickens and our eggs,
And blow our money all around,
And yet he never says a word,
He knows we intend to bow our neck
And see the darn thing through
If it takes the hide off, by heck.

If he had done like the rest of us,
Had looked pleasant and come across,
We would have patronized him some
And saved him much great loss;
But he stroked our bristles the wrong way,
And you know even a hound dog
Has his day—has his day.

—Selected.

————||-||-||————

* THE GLENDALE FARM CLUB

There is a little white school house
Just down the lane,
And the way it's been neglected
Is an awful shame.
No Farm Club they had there,
I'm sorry to say;
Some said, the two fifty they couldn't pay.
But one night in February
The farmers all came,

To see if they, too, could get in the game.

In walked George Kelley
With a message of his;

He says, "Now, look here, boys,
We can't live like this.

"We'll organize a Farm Club here,
Without any doubt;
And not one of you farmers
Must be left out."

He told what the Clubs were
Doing in other places,
You should have seen the change on their
faces!

So they organized a Farm Club
At Glendale that night;
And the way they've been working's
A wonderful sight.
Every first and third Friday,
Each month in the year,
The farmers have pledged
To do business here.

S. H. Groves is the President,
All full of "pep."
John Koenke is the vice,
Always ready to help.
Louie Basten, who is never contrary,
They up and chose e
As their good secretary.

He does all their writing,

Without any pay;
And keeps all their books
In a business-like way.
The ladies got busy the men
To surprise;
They met at the school house,
There to organize.

They brot sandwiches and coffee,
And served in great style.
And the men it did please,
You could tell by their smile.
They ate and drank to their hearts content,
And all decided
It was an evening well spent.

So a “Woman’s Auxiliary” they organized,
too,
And looked about for work they could do.
They must have their own officers,
Without any doubt,
So each club would know
What they were about.

Mrs. Koenke was elected their President,
And a willing hand she gladly lent.
Alma Monks their vice-grand,
And bravely and proudly
She took the stand.
Mrs. Nelson was elected the secretary true.
And is always her part to do.

And now we are organized good and strong.

Men and women both belong.
And now, good friends, I'll tell you tonight,
The Glenndale Club is right in the fight.

For the Country and State to organize;
And the work they are doing
It's hard to realize.
All are loyal members—
And one thing more—
They take their produce
To the Farmers' Store.

Now, this is the history
Of the Club at Glendale;
And the way they are working,
They are sure not to fail.

—Mrs. John Koenke.

* All names may be changed to apply to
local club.

—||-||—

IS THIS YOU?

If all the members of my Club
Were doing just like me,
Then what sort of a Club think you
The one I'm in would be?

I never hear the leaders preach
Nor to the meetings go;
I work too late on meeting night—
I let the whole works go.

The evening hours I stay at home,

We have so many chores
The evening meetings I omit
For the reason—bad night air.
But when the town folks have their shows
The night air is not bad,
Then I must go—everybody goes,
No doubt someone is glad.

Then there are members in my Club
That said that I was bad,
And if I don’t stay away from the Club
Why then I can’t stay mad.

Yes, to be sure it is a shame
To treat my neighbors so;
It hurts the cause and ruins my name—
Why should I stoop so low?

I give no money to the Club,
I live for self, you see,
For the dying groans of my Club
Would not appeal to me.

I’ve turned my back upon my Club
And I’ve ceased to pray,
I’ve laid my bible on the shelf;
I want to have my way.

But then my way can’t please the rest,
In fact, it don’t please me;
I wish I was in the work
Just as my neighbors be.

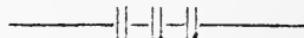
If all the members of the Club

Will do as I have done,
There'd be no Farm Clubs today
Beneath the shining sun.

It's true, I should go back to them
And try to do my part;
But how can I, when stubborn pride
Is ruling in my heart?

Dear Lord, do Thou in mercy help
These erring ones of Thine?
Anoint them with Thy grace afresh
And wheel them into line.
Then shall the church in armour clad
To every nation go,
With faith in God who leads the fight,
We'll conquer every foe.

—Uncle Henry.



BUSINESS ON THE FARM

Says Farmer Jones to Neighbor Brown,
"Let's sell our farms and move to town;
We labor hard from year to year
And only make a living here,
While over in the Burg, they say,
That every business man I know
Lays up a little dough.

"The Grocerman has bought a car,
That's worth more money than you are;
The hardware man is making cash

Faster than hired men eat hash.
The grain man makes the mon somehow,
He's riding in a Packard now.
He's built a big fine mansion, too,
'Way out on the Avanoo.
These fellows always wear good clothes,
And take in all the picture shows,
While we toil on from day to day
And get our board and clothes for pay.

“Of course they look to us for bread,
'Tis our own wheat that they are fed.
Our Biddies lay the eggs they eat;
Our porkers furnish them their meat.
We take our produce in each day
And take just what they want to pay.

“Cornfed canaries, so they say.
Rube, clodhopper, and country jay,
These are the terms that we must bear,
While theirs is Mr. Millionaire.
So I've decided, Neighbor Brown,
That I'll sell out and move to town.”

“Quite right your are,” says Brown to Jones,
“The business men lay up the bones,
And all we can hope to clear
Is one pair of overalls a year,
So long as we keep cutting ice,
And let the buyer set the price.

“But stop and look before you leap;
Sometimes the goat becomes the sheep.

Farming in town will never pay,
You'll be a Rube your oldest day.
But surely there could be no harm
In bringing Business to the Farm.

How does the grocer get his cash?
By selling us poor Rubes our hash.
How does the hardware man succeed
By selling us the things we need.
How does the grain man make his gain?
He makes it all off of our grain.

These business men stand side by side,
And how are we to save our hide,
Unless we imitate these guys,
And get together and organize?"

So Farmer Jones and Neighbor Brown
Call in the neighbors all around,
And they agreed that it was right
That Rube and Hayseed should unite.
Co-operation, they agreed,
Was really their greatest need.

So they ordered their own supplies,
And the savings were a great surprise;
They bought a house and shipped their grain
And were delighted with the gain.

And now a little explanation
Of what they gained through organization.
Today the farmers rides to town
In their big Hudson Six,

Do they make of him a clown?
Is he a Hayseed?—Nix!

The banker meets him at the door,
And shakes his brawny hand,
Cornfed canary, ah no more—
He's now a noble man.

The politician thinks he's grand,
The man behind the plow,
Because, the farmer has a hand
In legislation now.

The Farmers' Fight has well been staged,
His battle all but won,
He has found in this great age,
His station in the Sun.

—Selected.

—||-||-||—

WHEAT GAMBLER'S FATE

The farmer ate the wartime bread;
“I'll help them win the war,” he said—
Enlarged his fields and sowed more grain,
And toiled long hours in sweat and pain.

He left the choirs for kid and wife,
Bent to his task with vim and life;
He sowed the seed—a high-priced grain—
Was blest with sunshine and with rain.

At harvest time the helpers said:

"Six dollars if we reap for bread;"
 The farmer was obliged to pay
 And give fine meals three times a day.

But soon as threshing was begun,
 The gamblers then began their run;
 The farmer now with empty sack,
 Can't meet the notes he gave way back.

He's broke in spirit and in purse;
 The deal he's got could not be worse!
 And if they don't let Farm Clubs come
 To this relief, he'll lose his home!

But what goes up must sure come down;
 "No bread," will be the cry in town;
 The farmer'll grind his bread at home—
 The gambler then to shucks must come!

—J. A. Morris.

— "A strike a day keeps prosperity away."

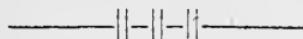
IT'S YOU

If you want to have the kind of community
 Like the kind of a community you like,
 You need not slip your clothes in a grip
 And start on a long, long hike;
 You'll only find what you left behind,
 For there's nothing that's really new.
 It's a knock at yourself when you knock
 your community;
 It's not the community—It's you.

You wouldn't expect, if you minded your
soil,
Bumper crops that you used to get,
Nor aught but runts from feeding that
stunts;
Nor payment without a debt.
One get's returns from what one earns,
Something must first be due.
If your community doesn't pay, look at it
this way:
It's not the community—It's you.

Real communities are made by folks afraid
That others will get ahead.
For when everyone works and no one shirks,
You can raise a community from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbors can make one, too,
Your community will be what you want it
to be;
For it isn't the community—It's you.

—Anonymous.



THE M. F. A.

We are from good old Missouri
And belong to the M. F. A.
If you don't know what that stands for,
Just call on us any day.
It stands for the cost of production
On oats, wheat, corn and hay,
And a reasonable per cent of profit

To lay up for a rainy day.

M. stands for good old Missouri,
 A state grand, noble and true.
 F. stands for the good old farmer,
 Another poor devil like me and you.
 A. stands for Association,
 Or geunine affiliation.
 And all we ask is a "square deal,"
 And, believe us, we'll get it
 Or make somebody squeal.
 And so to the farmers we do say,
 If you ever expect to get any pay,
 Why, "get hep" to the M. F. A.
 —By C. A. Volksay, Sec'y Lonesome Hill
 Farm Club, Phillipsburg, Mo.

—||-||-||—

A REGULAR "FELLER"

His old horse died and his mule went lame,
 And he lost his cow in a poker game;
 A cyclone came one summer day
 And blew his house and barn away;
 Then an earthquake followed to make it
 good
 And swallowed the ground where his house
 had stood.
 And then the mortgage man came around
 And heartlessly claimed the hole in the
 ground.
 But he was game enough to say,
 "I'm still stekin' to the M. F. A."

—Selected.

Part Three

Miscellaneous Poetry and Verse from Various Sources

“CHUMS”

One evenin' down to the village store
There sat a dozen men or more,
Discussin' questions yea and nay,
An' every one must have his say.

If there was a heaven or a hell
The price o' cattle, buy and sell,
The Pres'dunt to Europe shouldn't go,
An' if he was here they'd tell him so.

At last they sort o' grew tired out,
Arguing things they knew naught 'bout,
Then they started talkin' o' bygone days,
An' of the doin's of boyhood ways,
An' sort o' reviewin' oldtime chums,
Before they all had left their hums.

Lazy Jones, he said he knowed
His best chum was a mule he rode;
An' Jeem's chum was a dog named Tige,
Who et rat pizen till he died.

Another's chum was a freckled boy,
An' 'nother's was a parrot, Roy.

When they's had their say they turned to
me,
An' ast me who my chum could be.

"Well, 'twan't no long-eared mule," says I,
"Nor a little weazened freckled b'y,
Nor was it a yaller dog named Tige,
Who et rat pizen till he died.

"But I'll tell ye the best chum that I had
Was nobody but my dear old dad,
For he was never too tired to play
After the workin's of the day.

"We had most fun when on fishin' bent,
'Cause Ma most allus went.
It 'ud rain an' Pa, he'd say,
'I 'spect the fish'll bite today.
You dig bait, get quite a bunch,
While I help Ma do up the lunch.'

"Pa, he'd allus bait my hook,
An' find for me a shady nook,
An' there I'd set an' fish an' dream,
An' build air castles by that stream.

"Sometimes I'd have to go alone
'Count o' work 'at must be done.
Pa never doubted but that I
Would bring back lots o' fish to fry.
An' when I'd start with rod an' gun
He'd say, 'Bring back a mess, my son.'

"I'd give the world, 'twere mine to give,

If I again them days could live,
An' once more shoulder rod an' gun
With Pa an' Ma an' me, their son,
An' hike along the creek today
An' fish again in the same old way,
Forgettin' cares in a blissful dream
As we'd set together by that stream.

"If only fairies lived today,
As they used to live in the good old way,
I'd wish that every small boy had
A chum just like my dear old dad.
I'm sure the tales the prisons tell
Would be more of heaven, less of hell,
'Bout boyhood days they spent at home
Before they in this world did roam.

" 'Twould be indeed a happy day
If all men lived with sons this way
That's why I wish that all boys had
A chum just like my dear old dad."

—Selected.

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AN OLD FARMER'S DILEMMA

Is there no good that I can do,
No sacred truths that I may teach?
Must I become a useless thing
As a mere pebble on the beach?

On me hath God no duty laid,
A debt to him do I not owe?
Then shall I sit with idle hands,

While there's so much He'd have me do ?

Whate'er, through laws which are His own,
My God may will that I shall do,
I trust my hands, my heart, my soul,
May serve Him faithfully and true.

I can no longer till the soil,
Nor sow the seeds nor reap the grain;
But to some useful sphere in life,
In other fields I may attain.

Through grace, O God, Thy light I crave,
To guide my feet through paths unknown,
As into future's depth I plunge,
In darkness, save Thy light alone.

Guide me aright, may I not stray
From paths of duty, pure and true;
Teach me this day, O God, I pray,
What Thou wouldest have my hands to do.

There's yet much good that I may do,
If I but follow Nature's lead,
And strive, my country well to serve,
As I am lead to see its need.

In evcry step to higher planes,
Man's living soul must take a part,
By giving heed to duty's call,
With steady hands and willing heart.

If I no more can plow nor sow,
Nor from the fields the harvest reap,

I should obey my Savior's call,
In his command: “My vineyard keep.”

No human soul should live for naught;
Each should some useful purpose serve;
Then while there's aught that I can do,
From duty's plane I shall not swerve.

The bent of mind, the soul's desire,
Shall be my guide to lead the way;
While future may to me unfold
New duties with each coming day.

And ope to me new fertile fields,
For sowing seeds of truth and light,
Which may produce great harvest yields,
And help to keep the world aright.

And wield no more the reaper's scythe,
To cast the golden grain—but then,
In duty to both God and man,
I'll strive to wield a golden pen.

—John Marion Wheeler.

“I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
Long, long afterward, in an oak,
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song from beginning to end.
I found again in the heart of a friend.”

WHEN FIRST I SAW THE SEAS

I never shall forget the day,
When first I came to view
The rolling, foaming, whitecapped waves
Upon the ocean blue;
Saw how the waters heave and surge,
And dash upon the strands,
And how the seashells from the deep
Are cast upon the sands.

Saw how the little mullet fish
Leap high into the air,
When hungry monsters 'neath the waves
On fishie seek to fare;
And how the drumfish in great schools,
In shallow water feed,
Which for the boys with spear and gun—
Great sport they make indeed.

And how the oysters in the bay
Can never stir the least,
But take their meals from briny waves,
Which daily bring their feast;
And how the sandcrabs on the beach,
Can skit just as they please,
Forward or back or either side,
At lightning speed with ease.

And how the sea birds hover low,
Or take a lofty flight,
Or riding on the crested waves,
Present a pretty sight;

And how the stilt-birds on the reef,
Out in the shallow bay,
In droves stalk leisurely about,
Seeking crustaceous prey.

And how the great pouched pelican,
Aloft the waves so high,
Peers down upon the surf below,
With wondrous piercing eye,
And when a shiny, finny fish,
’Neath surface seeks to play,
Like lead the pelican drops down,
And puts the fish away.

And how the huge, black porpoise herds,
Oft pass just out from shore,
In droves of dozens, more or less,
And sometimes many more;
Now floating high 'bove water line,
Then 'neath the waves they go,
Like angus yearlings plunging home
Through five-foot drifts of snow.

And how great vessels at the warf
Unload and take on freight;
While whited-winged schooners ply the bay;
A scene most truly great—
Now riding high, now dipping low,
With sails unfurled abreeze—
A picture stamped on memory’s page,
When first I saw the seas.

—John Marion Wheeler.

W. P. F. C., Who are we?
Farmers' wives—LOYAL!

TO MOTHER

"Her face is wrinkled, yet how fair
Is she, with all her snowy hair
Above it: For each wrinkle seems
A line set there by laughter gleams,
A bit of sunshine that was left,
When wrinkles wore their warp and weft
Across her aging cheek and brow,
To tell the story they tell now."

BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit you down and write the letter
You put off from day to day;
Don't wait until her weary steps
Reach heaven's nearly gate,
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you have a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what bitter memories
May haunt you if you wait
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

The tender word unspoken,
The letters never sent,

The long forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent;
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait;
Show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—George B. Griffith.

WHEN MOTHER READS

When it's most dark, then Mother reads to
me,

In the big chair up in the nursery,
And I go traveling over land and sea.

When Mother reads, I see all sorts of things,
The nursery floor is full of fairy rings;
My dolls are fairies, all with spangled
wings.

When Mother reads, I see a castle stand
There on the rug, all golden-walled and
grand.

(My blocks are part of it) in fairyland.

When Mother reads, my boat is sailing far
Over the world, under the evening star,
Through spray and foam, to all the lands
there are.

When Mother reads, up in the nursery chair,
I travel far away, and yet I'm there,
Safe in her arms—or else I wouldn't dare.

—Priscilla Leonard.

THE FAMILY WHEEL HORSE

From early morn to set of sun
Mother's always on the run,
Hurrying from kitchen to cellar and hall,
Doing a labor of love for all.
She cooks the meals and sweeps the floors,
And 'tends to all the little chores,
Like washing dishes, pots and pans,
Dusting chairs, and filling cans
With cold-pack products; making jam,
Preserves and pickles; slicing ham
And bread for lunches for hungry scholars;
Keeping accounts to save the dollars;
Washing the clothes and ironing, too;
Sewing so family can have something new;
Mopping the floors and swatting flies;
Churning butter and making some pies,
Cookies and doughnuts and loaves of bread;
Straightening rooms and making each bed;
Working for all and never failing
To feed the well ones and soothe the ailing.
Now don't you think she deserves praise
For sacrificing all of her days?
She's spending her life and strength for you;
You can show your love and help her thru
Her hardest tasks, by spending some change
On modern equipment that you can arrange
To buy from a dealer who advertises
The best kind of labor-saving devices.

—Selected.

"Old King Coal is a costly old soul."

MAY WE MEET AGAIN?

Oh, how I long to meet again,
Those early childhood friends of mine;
With whom I romped and played and sang,
And swung upon the old grapevine.

With whom I learned to read and write,
To add and multiply and spell,
While sitting on split logs for seats,
In th' old log schoolhouse in the dell.

With whom I shared the joys of youth,
When o'er the hills and dales we'd ride—
We lads and lasses, beaus and belles,
On prancing ponies side by side.

But where are those dear friends today,
For whose companionship I pine,
While eyes grow dim and hairs turn gray,
As I pass down life's steep decline?

To east and west, to north and south,
They've gone from me in days passed by,
Many of whom I'll meet no more,
For 'neath the churchyard green they lie.

To my old friends, where'er you be,
If you perchance these verses read,
May they our friendship ties renew
And make of us true friends indeed.

How I would like to clasp your hand,

And talk of these, our childish plays;
And in our minds be young again,
And happy as in childhood days.

—John Marion Wheeler.

WHEN MA MAKES PUMPKIN PIE

There's a spicy odor floating,
Out upon the morning air,
Of a lot of good things baking;
You can smell it everywhere.
And it makes us all feel hungry,
'Cause this is the reason why,
We know Ma is awful busy—
And she's making pumpkin pie.

Oh, the pumpkins! Big fat fellows.
We have stored them in the barn,
Covered up with hay so careful,
So the frost can do no harm.
When we smell that spicy odor,
To be extra good we try,
For we know the best one always
Gets the biggest hunk of pie.

When it comes upon the table,
'Tis a grand sight to behold,
With its crust so crisp and tender,
And it's top of yellow gold;
As Ma cuts it there is silence,
Then we pass our plates—oh, my!
Each of us is awful busy
Eating up that pumpkin pie.

Some folks may prefer the apple,
Others say the mince is best,
But the king of pies where'er you go,
In north, south, east of west,
Is the glorious yellow pumpkin pie;
The prize it always takes—
That is, if it is like the ones
My mother always makes.

Florence Borner, North Dakota.

“WHAT HA’ YE DONE?”

And they came to the gate within the wall,
where Peter holds the keys,
“Stand up, stand up, now Tomlison, and
answer loud and high,
The good that ye did for the sake of men in
little earth so lone!”
And the naked soul of Tomlison grew white
as a rain-washed bone.
“This I have read in a book,” he said, “and
that was told to me,
And this I thought that another man
thought of a prince in Muscovy.”
And Peter twirled the jangling keys in
weariness and wrath.
“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have
thought,” he said, “and the tale is yet
to run;
By the worth of the body that once ye had,
give answer—what ha’ ye done?”

—Rudyard Kipling.

EVERY MAN

Every man's home is the best old home,
And every man's wife the sweetest;
Every man's child is the best little child,
The best behaved and the neatest.
Every man's baby is better than all
The babies that ever were born—
And just so it's babies and wives an dhomes,
Why, let 'em blow their horn!

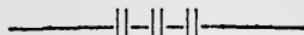
Every man's wife makes the finest preserves,
And every man's wife bakes bread
That beats all the bread that ever was made
From Hatteras to Stony Head.
Every man's home is the place to see
The finest housekeeping on earth—
And just so it's bread and preserves and home,
Let 'em keep on with their mirth!

When every man thinks that his own home's best,
And his own wife's sweetest, why then
We'll swing back into the golden dream
Of heaven on earth again.
And isn't it beautifu, fine and sweet,
That faith of a man in his child
And his wife and his home and his simple life,
That he boasts of undefiled!

When every man's home is the sweetest place
On earth for a man to be;
When every man's wife is the sweetest wife
In all the world to see;

When every man's child is the dearest child
That ever drew breath—ah, then,
We shall have better children and women and homes
And a great deal better men!

—Selected.



WHEN THE HE-HAW CROWS

Now, since a man in this end of town
Became the owner of a he-haw brown,
There's a wide awake bunch on Poverty row—
They can't sleep when they hear it crow.

Now, when for sleep, they settle down,
And hope that dreamland their troubles will drown,
And there's no mosquitoes to bite their nose,
They're all “blocked up,” for the he-haw crows.

At midnight's hour when the pests of town,
Practicing horn, and howling houn',
Have settled down and begin to doze,
Then suddenly the he-haw crows.

When all is still at neighbors aroun',
Phonograph and piano lids down,
All noisy brats gone to repose,
Like peals of thunder, the he-haw crows.

It answers to all noise and sound,
In town or country for miles around,
When the morning freight here, goes,
It whistles, and the he-haw crows.

The people in this part of town
Can smile no more—they wear a frown—

The cause of this, as each one knows,
They cannot sleep when the he-haw crows.

If, perchance, they are sleeping soun',
And dream the house is falling down,
Jump out of bed and grab their clothes,
And 'wake to the fact, the he-haw crows.

We dream the Judgment Day is here,
And hear the last Great Trumpet near,
That oceans of water, all up hill flows—
We were snoozing, and the he-haw crows.

Flat of our back, pinned to the ground,
On track, train ready the bend to round;
This is the last of a life of woes—
All's over, train whistles—the he-haw crows.

Nights are hideous in this part of town,
Since we've been tormented by the he-haw brown,
Sleeplessness and blare, caps climax of woes,
In still hours, the dogdasted he-haw crows.

Scores of rattle-traps, miriad howling houn',
Could not begin it's music to drown,
In all my life of troubles and woes,
The greatest is this—the he-haw crows.

—J. R. Patterson.

————||-||-||————

I am a jolly farmer,
Toiler blithe you see,
Close to the heart of nature;
No life is half so free."

—Sophie Immele, age 11.

THE GOSSIP VS. THE BOOSTER

Of all the evils flesh is heir to,
The noisy gossip is worst to swear to—
With scandal or story of malice or wrong,
They keep the tale going all the year long;
Never Quite happy unless their words wound,
Never quite happy unless truth is found.
If you know such a party, just drop me a line,
That I can avoid them—save wasting my time,
For time it is fleeting, life's only a span—
To short tot be greeting with gossiping clan.
In traveling life's pathway you always will find,
Those who are successful; they are the kind,
To all they are courteous and loyal to friends;
They never will use them in gaining their ends.
I love a good neighbor with whom to advise,
And being a Booster, he will not criticize;
But always is willing to push with his might,
All worthy endeavors to better his plight.
He's honest and punctual in meeting his dates;
In fact, he's not lacking in any good traits.
All hail to the Booster—he's a man of great worth—
My Advice to the gossip: Just get off the earth.

—John L. Munch, Secretary Farm Club, Cuba, Mo.

“Concern yourself with but today;
Woo it, and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began
Teday has been the friend of man,
But in his blindness and his sorrow
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.

MY HUSBAND

They say he is a big rough man
 With neither brains nor money;
 And how I ever married him,
 To them seems strange and funny.
 For I delight in all things fine—
 Like music, books and flowers;
 And midst the world's finest art
 Have spent some happy hours.

But they can't see this man like me,
 For I can look inside
 And see a heart—a big, soft heart—
 Where tenderness abides;
 And I can see that none but me
 Have placed within that shrine,
 And know, though crude and some-
 times rude,
 That heart is wholly mine.

I know his faults and virtues, too,
 But take them altogether,
 Just as I do the changing wind
 And dark or sunny weather.
 For I have learned to cull the wheat
 And let the cockle lay
 Until the Reaper's gentle hand
 Shall soothe it all away.

—Selected.

"Roses are red, living is high,
 Sugar is short and so am I.

KEEP ON KEEPIN’ ON

If the day looks kinder gloomy,
And your chances kinder slim,
If the situation’s puzzling,
And the prospect’s awful grim,
And perplexities keep passin’.
Till all hope is nearly gone,
Just bristle up and grit your teeth,
And keep on keepin’ on.

—Credit Lost.

HOW WE WILL WIN

It ain’t the guns or armament,
Nor bonds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation
That makes them win the day.
It ain’t the individual,
Nor army as a whole,
But the everlasting teamwork
Of every boomin’ soul.

—Rudyard Kipling.

LITTLE THINGS

The little commin’ things of life—
A kindly word, a little trust,
A friendly smile amid the strife
That crushes souls into dust.
A flower for some tired eyes,
Or music for a weary heart—
“Just little things”—not any size—
But ah, the sweetness they impart!
—Edith McKay.

HOW WE TAKE IT

It matters not if your life has been far
 From what you had planned to make it;
 If you have had tidal waves of woe,
 'Tis only, "How do you take it?"
 We can grow faint and weary, worn and sad
 With the tide of reverses Old Time brings,
 Or by standing firm with a resolute heart,
 With each one rise to better things.
 Let us rail not at Fate, Brother Man,
 Life is much what we make it;
 And it matters not if we meet good or ill,
 'Tis only, "How do we take it?"

"When you have a thought that's cheery,
 Pass it on.
 It will surely aid the weary,
 Pass it on.
 Give it freely—do not keep it;
 Fill your measure full, then heap it;
 Later you will surely reap it;
 Pas■ it on.

THE SWEETEST GIRL

God thought to give the greatest gift,
 In His almighty power
 To earth, and, deeply wondering
 What it should be, one hour
 In purest joy and love of heart—
 Outweighting every other—
 He moved the gates of heaven apart,
 And gave to earth—a Mother.

—Pure Words.

There is a slogan royal
That I would like to teach;
It has few words: Stand loyal;
And practice what you preach!

Cooperate and educate
If winners we would be;
Experience and many pence
'Twill take to make us free.

"If we work a little longer
And often get together,
We will soon grow stronger,
Regardless of the weather."

We must "work like a Turk" and not shirk
Our duty that is plain;
And all fight with our might for the right,
If the victory we would gain.

My friend, farewell, here let me tell
You how to make the farm pay:
Be Loyal, man! to our good clan,
And BOOST for the M. F. A,
"Farm Club Songs."

I have a young friend who'll stay till the end,
No matter how hard the day's work:
For he is one lad who loves his old dad,
And no task will this young man shirk.

Now a tub full of grub for the Club
Is a nice thing any day;
But' take heed or your greed will stampede
Our cause ere it's on its way.

HAPPINESS

It is the love of coin, I trove,
 That causes so much sorrow;
 If we could know down here below
 What's coming on the morrow,
 I'm sure that we could always be
 Prepared to do our duty
 As through this life of toil and strife
 We go.

'Mid nature's beauty,
 The soil I till; its joys doth fill
 My heart to overflowing;
 The night bird's wail, the whistling quail,
 The waving corn a-growing;
 While o'er and o'er, out near the door,
 The mocking bird is ringing
 Out his love song; (there's nothing wrong
 With that old bird's sweet singing.)
 The cooling breeze among the trees;
 For this, life is worth living.
 Now, I would guess that happiness
 Is best received by giving.

—B. H. P.

SAFETY FIRST

"There was a man who fancied
 By driving good and fast,
 He could get his car across the track
 Before the train came past.
 He would miss the engine by an inch,
 And make the train crew sore;
 There was a man who fancied this,
 But—there isn't any more."

STICK OR GET STUCK!

My friends, I've just a word to say
About this "chicken fight;"
We cannot win the fight today,
In this I know I'm right,
Unless you farmers all get "hep,"
And join our loyal band;
Fill up with pep and all keep step;
Let's win throughout the land.

Stick, or get stuck!
And robbed of all you make;
Stand by each other,
No dirty money fake.
Each one be Loyal,
I'm sure 'twill change your luck;
If we'd win the fight for truth and right,
Stick, or get stuck!

—B. H. P.

"Think not of yesterday, nor trouble borrow
On what may be in store you you tomorrow,
But let today be your incessant care—
The past is past, tomorrow's in the air.
Who gives today the best that in him lies
Will find the road that leads to clearer
skies."

"If none would hear,
A lie would lack a handle;
It needs both tongue and ear
To make a scandal."

M. F. A., Lead the way,
Here to stay; FARM CLUBS!

CONTENTS

PART ONE

A Letter, 30; A Little Girl, 31; Educated, 24; Farmer Jones, 8; Finis, 36; Go To; Rich Men, 10; Greed, 9; Hop To It, 23; Melon-Colic, 33; More Pep, 29; Old Bill Jones, 25; Poison Bait, 16; "Rimes" and Jingles, 35; Rott, 36; The Convention, 12; The Dub, 29; The Farm Club Paper, 34; The Jolly Life of the Farmer's Wife, 17; The Knocker, 31; The Liar, 27; The Poison Squad, 21; The Slacker, 7; The Story Grows, 5; The Wedding, 14.

PART TWO

A Penny Man, 38; A Regular Feller, 64; "Bill," of Rumpus Gap, 47; Boosters, Every One, 52; Business on the Farm, 58; Cuno Has the Dope, 49; Glendale Farm Club, 53; Is This You? 56; It's You, 62; Loyalty to the Club, 51; Old Tommy Toodles, 37; The Farm Club Band, 40; That Farm Club Fight, 42; The Master Wheel, 44; The M. F. A., 63; Wheat Gambler's Fate, 61; When the Farmers Organize, 41.

PART THREE

An Arrow and a Song, 69; An Old Farmer's Dilemma, 67; Before It Is Too Late, 72; Chums, 65; Every Man, 78; How We Take It, 84; How We Will Win, 83; Keep On Keepin' On, 83; Little Things, 83; May We Meet Again, 75; My Husband, 82; The Family Wheel Horse, 74; The Gossip vs. the Booster, 81; Tre Sweetest Girl, 84; To Mother, 72; When First I Saw the Seas, 70; What Ha' Ye Done? 77; When Ma Makes Pumpkin Pie, 76; When Mother Reads, 73; When the He-Haw Crows, 79.



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